

Valor

JULY--AUGUST, 1961



.. The Magazine of Soulcraft ..

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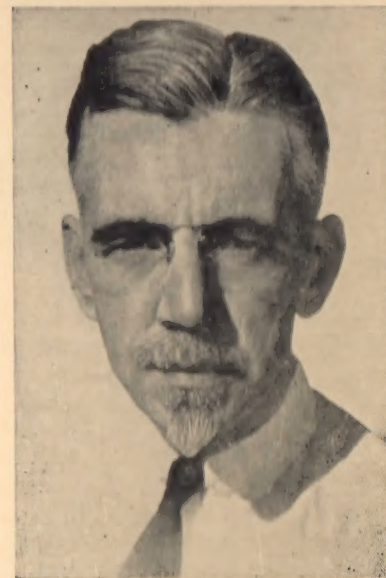


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Noblesville, Indiana

Out of the Mail

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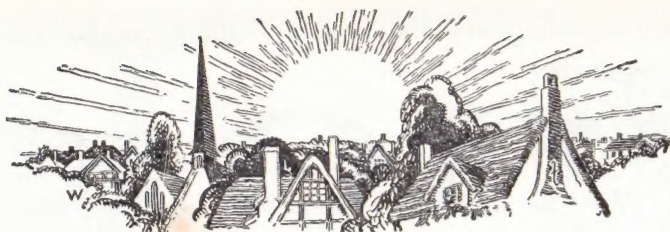
"We want to thank you for the great Teachings in VALOR . . . The Golden Speakings in the December, 1960 VALOR contain the great Truths to which we desire to attain. We are meditating on these Speakings to absorb their deep meaning."—*E. B., Massachusetts.*

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The Magazine of Soulcraft

Volume XIV

July--August, 1961

Number 1

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An End to Commandment

When our mortal species understands clearly why it is inhabiting this earth-ball in temporary organism, why it comes back into life generation on generation, and what the spiritual evolution of Man is, up the ascending planetary systems, then will the paganism of religious ritual cease being the vicious fixation which it is in mortal minds and men acquire their spiritual increments consciously.

Too long has mankind been reared on a dour list of Don'ts. Too long has he made his way up the concourse of his multiple lives blindly and timorously. Now as the Golden Time comes in, he approaches a different lesson in spiritual maturity. Wisdom instead of Fear is to be the touchstone, opening his intellect to the significance of Experiences undergone in flesh.

The New Theology that may soon be demonstrated to us by our more advanced planetary neighbors promises to abandon the archaic idea of Redemption, substituting holy Aspiration, and the desire to do right for its own sake.

The Great Teacher once said, "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." His life was a Living Testimony to the accuracy of His precepts. He promised us, "These things that I do, ye shall do; yea, even greater things than I do, ye shall do." But the childish generation unto which He came, wanted to identify its Messiahs only to crucify them. It required another two thousand years of social turmoil, culminating in advanced scientific progress, to condition it for the acceptance of Christ as the Christ Way-Shower and not any Sacrificial Lamb.

So this is the challenge that confronts us today. The time has come for us to take the Valiant One at His word and manifest in our daily lives and hourly thinking that which a childish generation made Him to die to demonstrate. And the only way to manifest that demonstration is to proceed into Constructive Knowledge, sure and calm and free, certain that we are what He designated us: Sons and Daughters of Light in a Great Classroom of earthly Instruction, coming into a true grasp of what our Alma Mater signifies.

So Commandment ends and Incentive beckons us. We absorb our Wisdom now intelligently, secure in the premise that we are worthy to receive it!

Valor

The Monthly Voice of the Soulcraft Doctrine

Volume XIV

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HOW Far Are We Responsible Personally for Our Behavior?



*A Clarification of Points in Soulcraft that May Puzzle the Moralist
Concerning Society's Pressure on the Hapless Individual . . .*

A

READER in Chicago puts this inquiry—

"Would you say that the heart of the Soulcraft teachings is this: First, that man is personally responsible for what he does; second, that there are no values external to man; and third, that each man may therefore choose different values?"

The questioner obviously possesses intellect and no small discernment of philosophical equations. His queries show considered judgment and a capability to synopsise the essence of a doctrine. But the real heart of Soulcraft is *not* man's responsibility for what he does, since millions of men respond to the educational ordeals prescribed by great Masters of Wisdom in realms of reality scarcely suspected in earthlife. This is the "heart" of Soulcraft, assuming it be requisite to identify such heart:

"MAN is a divinity in embryo, encountering various planes of soul-spirit experience to develop his intellect up to the celestial octave. Planetary life as encountered on the solar satellite called Earth, is one of the lowest and most elemental of those planes, and every soul-

spirit must undergo all its educating roles in order to be equipped from direct knowledge of all social circumstance for mentoring increasing hordes as they are diffused from the intellects of Great Celestial Masters as they attain to cosmic paternity. When man's individual soul-spirit has fortified itself with first-hand knowledge of all the roles and social predicaments of earthlife, he passes off the earth-plane onto still higher planetary planes where the order of life in acquisition of still more transcendent experience, until each individual becomes so massive of intellect and in command of such stupendous cosmic creative power that he demonstrates a species of divinity to universes in his own right. All sensation is, therefore, a phase of development in man's celestial self-awareness, and when accepted as such, contributes its quota to his ultimate awareness of his original and ultimate celestuality."

This is the heart of Soulcraft, actually. It is the "craft" or skill, of the Soul, in openly recognizing the reasons for its adventures in consciousness, though fifty to a hundred thousand lives may be entailed to put every adventure possible into the cosmic recollection . . . so that the spiritual increment accruing from them becomes an enduring fibre of the Spirit.

Constant and continual reensoulment, of course, becomes but an incident, not an issue, in such titanic curriculum of acquiring knowledge. Constant and continual reensoulment means but constant and continual enlargement of the individual sensibilities, so *all* that the Soul-Spirit experiences can ultimately be reckoned as cosmic profit.

Soul-Spirit life in flesh is but Soul-Spirit experience in a given organic vehicle to supply the lesson inherent in limitation, thus identifying delimitation or utter freedom of action, decision, or behavior. Organic vehicles and their orientation to the social scene in any given sequence of human history on the earth-planet, are acquired in an ever-upward spiral of grace and perfection, entailing all psychosomatic reactions to biology and karmic obligations. But the main point is, that ultimate successions of vehicle-endurances perfect the soul in a greater and more vital awareness of its role and importance to Cosmos.



Thus the theologically suggested "salvation" of the Soul-Spirit is a misnomer, since all soul-spirits are "saved" in the end by the sheer nature of their educating exploits up the multiple and inevitable planetary worlds.

Christ Jesus, therefore, did not come into similar earth-life to "die for the sins of the world" so much as to set a vivid example of how to *live* in any passing vehicular body that the ultimate "salvation" was assured by following the Great Avatar's example and salvaging himself. Only a Midianite tribal god, with his ethics resting on paganism, would demand that a sinless person suffer for willful trespasses of the guilty. Yet such does humankind now worship.

The true Christ emphasis is on life lived constructively that the elemental issues of Crime and Punishment be succeeded by the more stupendous awards of rich moral attainment.

"Punishment" requires the existence of penal institu-

tions to assure it. To the more advanced intellect, that is all waste of time, besides being obvious pettifoggery. To create a cosmic system where *everyone*—without a single exception—evolves into the accomplished heavenly state, without a single wisp of humanity "lost" in the entire grand ensemble of it, would be the true mark of Divinity as to macrocosmic arrangements.

Jesus was the Immortal Way-Shower, not a "sacrifice" for anything or anyone. Follow His example and *Become* is the gist of His ministry, which Soulcraft restores to a social world badly bedeviled by man's intellectual mischiefs.

REFERRING therefore to our Chicago correspondent's query, would we say that the heart of Soulcraft is man's personal responsibility for what he does? . . . the answer would be Yes and No. Every adventure, exploit, experience and sensation awaits in one's various lives up the worlds to be experienced and profited from. Put it if you like, that the multitudinous lives up the agenda of the worlds—higher planets as well as the earth-planet—are one stupendous agenda of experiences for the soul to know. Man is living in eternity NOW, and has lived since Time was a recognizable equation in intellect, so life and "death" in the conventional sense are pure academic postulations. But what he does in any given incursion into the fleshly body is largely made up of Actions and Reactions to earlier dilemmas, and his extrication from them according as he has light. God damns no one, first, because damnation could not be in His true celestial nature. God constantly and continually supplies all spirits, on all planes of consciousness, with incentive to work their courses out of moral obligation with other contemporaneous spirits and come to realize the True Pathway to celestial omnipotence in their own rights.

In the doing of this last, of course, man is "personally responsible" for what he does. But he may do tens of thousands of acts for which he is not responsible, not having had the illumination to disclose what was equitable and what was not. Man's real responsibility lies in his *constructive* reactions to experience, and accepting them for the increments that they are, in fullest knowledge of his cosmic brevet to himself. To say there are no values, therefore, external to man, is approximately stating a gigantic truth.

Values of themselves are intellectual discriminations in the light of spiritual improvements and increments. To have a "value" a discriminating intellect must first be in

existence and functioning. As for each man "choosing" different values, that is something else again, and involves a better knowledge of "choice" than is common to the average run of humanity.

MAN does not necessarily "choose" different values—he reacts to them, would be the better rendition, as his developing and expanding Soul feels the effects of them. Too literal a concept of "choice" pulls the intellect down into the childish and elemental penalties of award or damnation. Immediately that sets up a screen so that the Grand Upward Concourse of the Soul through the worlds cannot be seen. To get the high-flung cosmic canvas in all its stupendous magnitude, is to grasp an entirely new concept of what the world calls Religion. It is the upward journey of man, not so much toward the Godhead as *into* the Godhead.

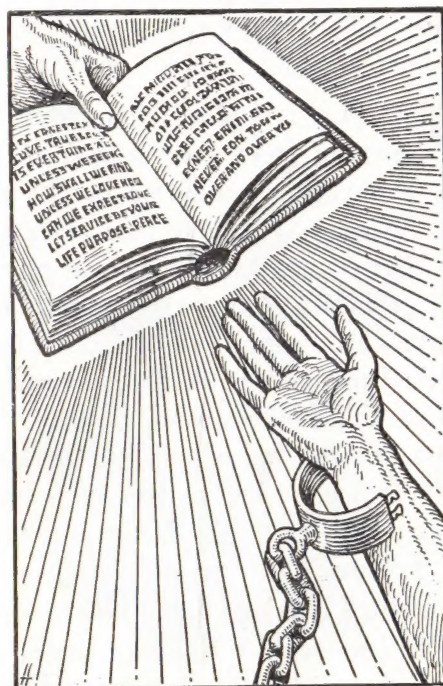
Certainly the bigger human characters become spiritually the less they pay attention to the adulation of menials or the praises of those beneath them. If we are in the world at all, and conceivably living lives of ethical "improvement", it stands to ordinary reason we must be progressing toward celestuality, since celestuality is *all* improvement. So by our very knowledge of good and evil, and our concernment to devote our allegiance to the first, we are emulating the Godhead in its essence. Carried to the ultimate, what can it mean but attainment *into* the Godhead? Our very moral preferences indicate our trends. The old-fashioned Levantine trends of yesteryear glorified subservience and encouraged lickspittle inferiority complexes—the basis of all negative attitude toward supernal moral attainment.

Soulcraft believes that a wholly new ideology is coming upon earth, with all paganistic rites and observations relinquished for the splendid incentive of emulation of the Christ for the emulation's sake, meaning the true *thing* that He stood for, . . . graduation to His sublime character with the barbaric rites of Atonement—that definitely limited and deprecated God—dismissed and abandoned.

Emulate Christ's divine character and all actions, behaviors, and destinies take care of themselves. A Christ character flawlessly emulated has no need to worry about penalty for "sin". So the negative Sin ideology can be dropped out of the books and concentration directed upon the positive aspects of spiritual education.

And it is Soulcraft's fundamental that Experience does that whether we suspect it or not.

THE "HEART of Soulcraft" is intelligent acknowledgment that "no experience is purposeless", that we are living all sorts and types of experiences up uncounted worlds to enlarge us spiritually, and that God is more interested in enlightening us about our natures, destinies, and ultimate roles in the divine scheme of things than in acting the dispassionate taskmaster to see that for no transgression—no matter how petty—can there ever be escape.



"Thou Shalt Nots" are for a people of primordial immaturity, in the childhood of their race. The greater, sweeter, kindlier, and more enduring adjuration is, "This do in remembrance of Me."

Remembrance of Him—all the way through—means living the Christ Life as we have enlightenment and opportunity, and forgetting otherwise immature complexes in regard to Sin.

Actually we are punished *by* our sins, not for them.

Let the values we choose for ourselves, therefore, approximate the values exhibited in the Christ Life, forgetting about that paganistic ideology that men call Hell or eternal torment. You're not in danger of it anyhow, if you're emulating the Christ Life so zealously that you have no time for those tremors of transgressions that might land you there.

Leave it for the ecclesiastical pundits to explain how you can land in a place, anyhow, that never has been proven to exist.



CAN People Tell Whether They Truly Are in Love?

THE "Let's Explore Your Mind" feature running from year to year in the daily newspapers, conducted by Dr. Albert E. Wiggam, affects to pass along authoritative counsel to millions with psychological problems. On a recent morning it proposed this query: *Can People Tell whether They Really Are in Love?* And the eminent doctor answered it, "No! Because if they could, divorces would be rare." Settling one of the most fundamental of spiritual problems with this remarkable demonstration of banality—banality in cosmic fundamentals at least—the doctor goes to expound more gems of fiddle-de-dac.

"Physical attraction develops first," he contends. "No man ever fell in love with a woman's brain, and vice versa. The fact that girls, on an average, have two to eight infatuations between 12 and 20, proves that infatuation and love are not the same. The chief sign of love is intense desire to make the other person happy, not just seeking one's own happiness."

Whereupon the column passes to equal asinities attempting to answer the question, *How to Pick a Mate?*

These being matters more or less peculiar to the marrying month of June, suppose we regard the first interrogation more from the Soulcraft standpoint of knowing something about the causes for "attraction" between the sexes from the "behind life" approach. . . .

THE FIRST factor to examine is the mating instinct itself.

Two boys—or it may be girls—in a given family will be raised under identical conditions, with hereditary backgrounds exactly like. But one will be a "girl-chaser" or "boy-teaser" from grammar school, irresponsibly flirting his or her way up through high school and college and becoming engaged and possibly married almost before the

economic career has been satisfyingly determined. The other boy or girl will be constitutionally indifferent to the opposite sex, behave as more or less bored by having the social associations and obligations of normal life, and marry late or not marry at all.

The newspaper column psychologist puts it that one has the Mating Instinct excessively developed and the other has not. And the physiologist comes along and opines that ten-to-one the difference is one of endocrine glands—the first over-developed, the second under-developed.

No causes are assigned as to the why of such circumstance. The glands "just happen" is the superficial viewpoint. According as they proceed and life advances, happiness or loneliness is the fate of the individual.

And orthodox religion comes along with the theory to the lovelorn that such abnormal or subnormal lives are due to the soul not loving Jesus earnestly enough but come to Thursday-night prayer meeting and all will be "sublimated" in the subconscious.

Soulcraft tosses the whole dissertation out the window as concocted by people who haven't the faintest fundamental notion of what they are talking about, and looks to the more basic nature of the Soul-Spirit itself.

The Soul can't be psychoanalyzed without taking into consideration eternity and imperishability. Both of these attest that such Thinking Phenomenon is not an object or item so much as an *element*. The formation of every concocted thing is Ether acted upon by Thought.

This Thought-Element or thinking unit comes up through a thousand evolutionary forms, occupying such physical vehicles as perfect and increase its awareness of self and ultimate goal, until it comes to Man, or experiment and experience in the so-called Human Organism where its individuality starts to be distinguished by temperament. This may be compressing much into a half-dozen paragraphs, but the hypothesis is there.

VERY GOOD. The temperament of the soul, slowly fighting its way upward through all the educating experiences of this earth condition and into advanced

forms of consciousness having nothing more to do with earth, always and forever dictates *psychosomatically* the general behavior of the bodily vehicle. This in the current instance is another way of saying that it is the pre-arranged blueprint of what the soul intends to do, as charted and drawn before taking on the physical vehicle of any new babe, that makes for what materialistic-minded psychologists haphazardly term the Mating Instinct, or absence of it.

Instincts, the Higher Psychologist knows, are merely subconscious memories and recollections of what that same soul has acquired in the way of cosmic wisdom in earlier excursions into, and occupancies of, flesh.

If a given soul has said to itself, taking stock of its spiritual progressions, "I dissipated myself and had a sterile spiritual profit from too much sex association in my most recent lives," it will display as "cool" toward romantic associations almost from childhood onward. If, on the other hand, it is brevet to itself in the new career calls for closest polarity and teamwork with its cosmic mate, it will seek assiduously to find and join itself to that mate, splurge in romanticism, and, becoming wedded, go on to a happy and prolific family sequence—the children being instances of karmic obligations in process of mortal-plane repayment.

You really are required to be what the benighted world calls a "mystic"—and more or less adept even so—before you can hope to comprehend Mind and its direct relationship to male and female organism.

ALWAYS and forever, whether the materialist-psychologist scoffs at it or not, the subconscious mind—which in nine out of ten instances is the prenatal or imperishable Mind—is obeying insistences of the blueprint settled upon for the forthcoming life in flesh, just as the body in turn, most certainly the endocrine glands of the body, are obeying the dictates and supervisions in turn of the subconscious.

Applied to the romantic circumstances, therefore, the question: *Can People Tell Whether They Really Are in Love*, resolves itself to the proposal, can people tell consciousness whether they're meeting or courting the member of the opposite sex with whom their prenatal plans are concerned, or merely some party in life who resembles the one they're seeking?

No, they can't do it *deliberately* unless they are carried through the experience of having the memory lifted as to prenatal prescribings for themselves. On the other hand, such deliberate knowledge isn't necessary. Life and

its reactions, in practical occurrences, will take care of it amply.

Consider it in this fashion—

First, the romantic temperament that sparks the celebrated Mating Instinct, indicates that the strong tandem tendencies come from previously acknowledged and arranged-for relationships with a member or members of the opposite sex. The soul not given to it, what we call in mortality the bachelor or spinster nature, will obey the dictates of prenatal mind and observe the celibacies consequent to it. Thus the very procreative glands of the physical self will receive no thought-incitements making for their activities.



The normal and average person, coming into mortality for another go at profitable earth-experiences, has his or her mate to locate and unionize with. The more insistent it feels such obligation, the more precocious or zealous it will be in developing the facilities known as the arts of flirtation. "My karma in this life according to the blueprints I'm carrying in my subconscious," it says, "indicates my strong polarity with just *one* unit of the opposite sex. So, when I feel subconsciously the magnetic vibrations from other units that warn my subconscious of similarity or sympathy frequency with my true mate, I respond to them."

Which he or she does.

Of course if the identification be faulty, misalliances and divorces may result. But that is no tragedy excepting as the principals contrive to make it seem such. The Higher Wisdom assures us that *no part of man's experience is purposeless*. Even in marrying the incorrect man or woman because they have come so close in resemblance

(Continued on Page 14)

Why Man Is Perchance His Own Fallen Angel



IT IS a pretty ideology to entertain that Man was created as a distinct species, all at one time and all in one piece, so to speak, then having been placed in a primordial paradise, he was assailed by Fallen Angels, serpents that talked audibly and celestial malcontents on principle. But suppose the shoe were on the other foot and the Man species itself were the "angelic" race that "fell" when it arrived on earth and came in contact with terrestrial animal life?

There is a great ancient lore, antedating Atlantis, that the wise of Cosmos know about, which puts a wholly altered concept on human origins and should have made clerical authorities blush in the mortification of their own lack of erudition.

That the fundamentals in garbled form are in the Bible cannot be gainsaid, but to found a Scheme of Salvation on them—instead of a Scheme of Organic Reembodiment, is the common mistake of purblind theologians, many of whom refuse to recognize the true history of the Bible itself.

THE BOOK of Genesis has a very apt reference to exactly this procedure on the part of these isolated spirits, wherein it says that "there were angels on the earth in those days" who cohabitated with the daughters of men and brought forth a race of giants. The inference therefrom has been that the man-race must already have existed in order to supply this angel-race with wives. What else is to be inferred?

Going back into pure Cosmology, however, we seem to find a more accurate interpretation of what actually occurred in the assumption that these low-caste "angelic" spirits created their own mates as Thought-Forms, their own propagation processes by willful disregard of the Divine Intent in the isolation, and out of the combination came a race of monsters that baffled and perplexed celestial scientists for centuries.

What actually happened was, that these Hawk-headed Men and Women—who are said to have first spawned their offspring by a process of egg-laying and external

fertilization not unlike the reptiles of today—were essentially creatures of thought-lust in this regard. At any rate, we have evidences in the higher dimensions that these retrograde folk did thus come to earth and "abominate in the crime of Sodomy" with creations of their own intellects, producing monstrosities of creation that served no worthwhile purpose in Divine Mind.

It is an axiom of the Cosmos, however, that anything that serves no constructive educational purpose whereby advancing Spirit Particles may attain to greater self-awareness, shall not be permitted to exist.

Abomination in its true sense is uselessness, nothing more nor less. These creatures of rampant intellect, thus formed by recalcitrant and isolated Sons of Light, served no purpose whatsoever beyond the lusts of those involved and as such were not long permitted to endure.

But how to get rid of them?

They had been created by the Divine Galvanism that is in every Spirit Particle if he or she only knew it, and given the means of self-propagation. Something had to be done about it else the original God Spirits would be wholly obliterated in great phalanxes of monsters that would erase the last vestiges of celestuality, originally brought to the earth-plane to be educated.

Countless æons went on in which this condition of affairs was allowed to exist. But matters finally got so bad that a heavenly holocaust was in order, to blot out the whole miserable diablerie of creation that seemed to have gone wrong from the first. Stars were to have fused in ether, and the immense heat generated would probably have turned the earth back into its original gaseous state, or worse still, disseminated it in star-dust, and there would today have been no earth-planet as men now know it.

At the time that this decision was reached, there seems to have been a concentrated effort made on the part of the brethren of these original Sons of Light to apply their thought-efforts in a sort of salvage of those miserable earth-spirits who had thus descended into abominatory forms.

Bear in mind, however, that long since upon the earth-

ball another life-process was taking place, motivated by Divine Mind—a process which occurs whenever a new planet is created, and which follows a pattern of cosmic manufacture in each Time-Space Frame that holds manifestations of Matter.

That was the evolution of conscious life by the process of evolution of organic, vegetable, and biological forms—all of them strictly separate and apart from the consciousness attained by the visiting spirits.

This process had gone on in other planets, and been uniformly successful since it trained the life thus created by limitations in substance to be aware of itself by limitation. Even the spirits of the fallen Sons of Light had originally come into functioning awareness by this same process. On the earth-ball it had already reached that stage where the animals were in existence, inviolate to themselves as parents of their true offspring.

Here was the anomaly, however, of a high, high hierarchy of creative intelligences besporting themselves on an otherwise orderly planet and working all kinds of havoc for their own amusement in relief from tedium.

The problem was therefore twofold.

True species on earth, that had spent æons evolving biological forms upward, ought not to be obliterated, since they were in no wise to blame for what had occurred in the recalcitrant hierarchy. On the other hand, those of that recalcitrant hierarchy had to be so effectively disciplined by the elimination of their monster forms that they could no longer function in them. Millions of years ago, this was, the nearest estimate calculable from accredited cosmic sources being twenty-eight.

Now then, this happened: A race of transcendent beings, enhanced in their attributes, that had in no wise been party to this program of abomination, was called into the council of conscious presence out of all the Time-Space frames and planetary systems beyond human estimation. And they brought with them a suggestion of what could be done to save the earth situation without disrupting or destroying what was known as true species that had so abominated.

This process and suggestion was—

Over untold numbers of lives each individual entity so fallen from its original high estate, should be compelled to enter a given type of physical organism and proceed upward with it thereafter, time on time, until the day should finally come when each individual had recognized the futility and irrelevancy of its conduct and won back to celestial normality.

AT THIS stage in the earthly experiences of this recalcitrant hierarchy, they who composed it had abandoned the forms of felines for the forms of apes, or had gradually evolved out of one into the other.

They had seen that the physical mechanism of the ape gave maximum efficiency in getting mundane expression. On the claw of the ape was a thumb which supplied a vise for holding and wielding tools. The distribution and pattern of the limbs made for greater facility of expression than the body of the cat with its thick furry paws. The apes as such were a true species, are a true species at present, and will never be anything else than a true species. But man copied them, and occupied the mechanism he thus had copied. He added his essential angelhood to the biological features of this mechanism and became a species unto himself, having nothing in common with the apes but his body.



This is the secret of the great riddle of the Sphinx in Egypt. The Egyptians sought to preserve in stone this great cosmic transition from form to form. So they left a mighty stone effigy behind them, of the sublimated ape—or quasi-human—emerging from the body of the lion.

The very earliest forms of history tell us, by the way, that the special ferocity of the cat species as we recognize it or meet it in the undomesticated felines, is not so much due to their untamable natures as to the fact that these early forms of abominating humankind perplexed and frightened the pure cat species, confusing it as to the essence of these strange human-cat people that sought to mate with it and produce offspring that were neither one nor the other, but in a manner of speaking partakers of both. We have no record, however, of the early ape-human beings mating with the true apes and thus a similar

ferocity toward man did not appreciably mark future generations of monkeys.

It is this subconscious animus against the human species that still makes the cat, domestic or otherwise, the independent or arrogant animal that we perceive it in the current generation. It is an arrogance founded on a great cosmic fact: that humankind at one time outraged its own species to such an extent that all future generations were thereby marked, and no amount of natural association with man will overcome this inherent animosity that has its root in a cardinal principle of created life.

HOWEVER, at the time that a mighty celestial cataclysm was approaching, the fallen Sons of Light were manifesting life on life in the ape-forms as aforesaid but not as a program of immutable principle.

Spirits were going in or coming out of the ape-forms at will. This condition of affairs could have but one solution. Ape-forms that were not true biological forms must be set apart as a species unto themselves, to be inhabited thenceforth by the *psyches* of the recalcitrant hierarchy only, whereas the apes as apes were to be rendered sterile to all but their own true mates.

In this manner it would be possible to develop a separate earth species that could be used as an instrument through which the fallen Sons of Light could win back to their original lost estates.

On the other hand, the apes as apes could be left for the original purpose for which they were created: essentially an animalistic species peculiar to the earth-ball and part of its individualistic fauna that had not attained to the degree of self-awareness where individualization was either practical or profitable, and as such they remain today.

BUT IT must be recognized here that it was not feasible for those of the fallen hierarchy to attempt to win back alone—that is, without counselors or mentors to keep them on the straight track or supply them with the necessary inspiration to attain the ultimate goal.

Casting about among the myriads of angelic orders in the higher dimensions of Time and Space, a group from another planetary system of which mankind has no knowledge, was finally accepted for its perfection of character and cosmic ennoblement—to lead the lost tribes of abominating spirits back into the fold of celestial omnipotence.

*Hence it came about that the human race was faced with a divine fiat, that the *psyches* of the fallen ones should be reborn, cycle on cycle and age on age, while*

at the same time certain numbers of this volunteering band should also come into physical life, and into bodies of the ape pattern, as mentors or group leaders, supplying the fallen ones with their necessary tutelage to make the climb back to sublime attainment.

THERE seems to be no other explanation consistent with Biblical interpretation or cosmic revelation, for the phenomena of Fallen Angels, the Spirit of Evil, and Predestination on the earth-plane, than this system of tutelage among a species that had somehow violated cosmic law.

The folklore of every ancient people includes the record in some aspect of an hierarchy of cosmic beings that *did* come to the earth planet under the generalship of a Great Master Adept and avatar-teacher, presumably known in His last physical incarnation as Jesus, the Christ of Galilee.

This sublime soul, a creation of the purest Light Essence—as light is defined in terms of Divine Consciousness Projection—took it upon Himself to become the Master Demonstrator before all the spirits of these recalcitrant entities, and by precept and example, *never by force*, win them back to their lost knowledge of their divine origin and purpose.

That the cataclysm came, and it was repeated over various periods for effectivity or the faster evolution of these backward spirits, is likewise demonstrated in the literatures of all peoples who attained to any degree of culture.

With their thought-forms utterly perished, no longer able to propagate with them, and with great mentors at hand to shepherd them into rightful ways of living and exercising their creative talents, the recalcitrant excursionists more or less accepted the divine fiat that rebirth thenceforth should be exercised in their own species only.

This, in its essence, seems to have been the origin of earthly rebirth as men know and accept it. Reincarnation has never been, at any time, an oscillation of the divine human spirit back into the body of any other animal than that of the sublimated Ape Form undergoing gradual glorification.

The apes as such are true species of animals under the supervision of a group spirit that does not permit them to gain self-recognition as immortal entities until they have graduated into an evolved status along a line of evolution of their own. But humankind as such, especially those spirits that came to earth ever so long ago, is quite another hierarchy and should be recognized as

(Continued on Page 14)



HOW OFTEN ARE CHILDREN BORN TO THE WRONG PARENTS AND WHY?

A MATRON in Illinois propounds the following inquiry and seeks light upon it—
“I wish that Soulcraft could give me some light on my relationship to my third son. I suppose I should be more joyous than I am about his appointment to an important federal committee, which carries considerable honor with it. But I find it leaving me curiously indifferent. Not that there is anything morally wrong with Edgar, or that he isn’t a deserving character, and will probably conduct himself with distinction. Neither am I opposed to the work this federal committee is doing. My odd indifference is purely a matter of our two personalities. This third son of mine is almost a stranger to me, and has consistently been so ever since the week and month and year of his birth. Does this sound unnatural? I wonder how many other mothers have undergone the maternity experience with similar result? When I recount to you how unusual this relationship has been, perhaps you can discern whatever may have happened Behind the Scenes of life—for I am positive something *did* happen, and if I may be forgiven the preposterous statement, I

have long held the notion that I got somebody else’s son and some other woman got mine.

“Please tell me if you think such a thing could contrivably happen. Here is a brief history of our mother-son relationship—

“**EDGAR** was by no means an unwanted child. I had married the man I loved when I was twenty-four and we have had a normally happy union, blessed by the arrival to us of one daughter and four sons. My husband inherited quite a large sum of money from his father’s estate, besides being a reasonably clever businessman, and we have never wanted for the practical comforts of life. I was by no means averse to having as large a family as might come to us under ordinary circumstances. Carolyn, our eldest child, you have met and know what a personable woman she has become. Then, over an average of two to three years apart, my four boys came along—James, Howard, Edgar and Martin. James and Howard were normal boys and I thoroughly enjoyed the experience of being mother to a brace of healthy little males. Vaguely I seem to have known that I was to have a quartet of boys before I finished, but from the early morn-

ing that the hospital nurse brought little Edgar in to me and put him in my arms, I was assailed by the perturbing notion that something was wrong.

"You've brought me the wrong baby!" I protested, meaning that I supposed she had reached into a bassinet in the nursery and picked up a wrong infant. But she assured me she hadn't, showing me the circlet of lettered beads sealed around its little neck to establish its identity in that large institution promptly on birth.

"But I was well-nigh frantic. Little Edgar was simply *not* my child. I never had the vibration from him of being of my own flesh-and-blood, although my husband laughed at my odd attitude and assured me Edgar most certainly was the identical baby that had been delivered of me. Curiously enough, Frank—that's my husband—had to admit as Edgar grew along into childhood that there certainly was no facial resemblance to his sister or his brothers. My husband and I, my daughter and first two boys are all blue or grey eyed. Edgar was hazel-brown, although of course I realize that fact alone means nothing.



"It was the continued insouciance between us as son and mother that grew more and more pronounced as he moved along into his teens. Really it was this strange relationship that first got me interested in Esoterics and Re-ensoulment. In seeking to determine whether the rest of our family and Edgar might have had earlier relationships antedating the present life, I got engrossed in Soulcraft. I understand, more or less, the general procedure of serried reembodiment. But what I would like to know is, could this be the very first time that this soul known as Edgar to us, has been a member of our intimate group—

which is why I do not feel as 'close' to him as I do to the others?

"I might add, if it helps you any in forming an opinion in the matter, that actually I have had two other children—making seven in all—a boy and a girl between James and Howard, both stillborn."

THERE was more to this mother's letter but most of it irrelevant to this enigma of her intuitive feeling that Edgar had come to her "by mistake." The real question proposed was, how could "mistakes" occur in an infallibly ordered universe? It is an attitude taken by thousands who do not wholly comprehend the term "an infallibly ordered universe."

An infallibly ordered universe does not necessarily mean a universe where everything happens as planned with machinelike precision and no departures countenanced or permissible. An "infallibly ordered" universe means a universe where factors and processes follow an immutable law of development. Always there is the item of Free Will operates in respect to voluntary ensoulment if it operates anywhere. Meaning that no soul comes into flesh against its will.

People come into the mortal scene because they want to come in, or at least because in the background of their minds they feel the obligation to make the organic incursion, either in adjustment of karma with others or to perfect or strengthen themselves in some aspect that will contribute to their further and higher spiritual progress. There seems to be no spiritual means for the enjoyment of force and *making* a soul to enter earth-life as a recruiting officer might seize on the physical body of a draftee and force him into the armed forces in time of war.

But we do know that times beyond count this thing happens—

A coterie of people, male and female, will take a hundred years or more on the higher planes for the arrangement of a forthcoming family grouping in earth-life. Karmic obligations are acknowledged, and the relationships determined that will result in their being paid off. A man and a woman spirit helping to compose the group will agree to enter life ahead of the others, in order that they may have time to grow to adulthood and function as the father and mother. This knowledge of the composition of the domestic-clique-to-be is brought into life in the subconscious memories of all parties to the contract. The father and mother souls get themselves born twenty to thirty years ahead of those who are to follow in as their

children. They meet and marry on schedule. Thereat, one by one, the "child souls" commence making their advent. Thus does the normal woman, married in reasonable happiness—which is merely a state of abiding by the karmic arrangements that have thus been agreed upon—usually know in her subconscious or "intuitive" mind how many children, approximately, she is to have. Further, she will feel a polarity with each child as it wails its first cry and fumbles for her breast. Thus is the ordinary family group provided for, and set up.

But what the Illinois matron seems to have encountered is a situation somewhat like this—

NOBODY is forced to come into life, as previously stated. People make the mortal advent in result of the mutual arrangements described, in which instance they become congenitally related to each other on the earth-side.

However, it does appear to happen on occasion that there will be a witting or unwitting defection on the part of one of the souls who was to have assumed such domestic relationship, and actually confronted with the distress of incarnation it will find excuse for not going through with the ordeal. This can particularly happen if entering upon life entails the deliberate ordeal of paying off of tragedy. To put it blunter, suppose a given soul has been the cause of the death of another in an earlier life-span and the karmic obligation holds over for the situation to be reversed or rectified in kind. Legion are the instances of souls entering upon mortality carrying the knowledge subconsciously that they must be "victims" of a homicide plot to balance up karma, the case of President Abraham Lincoln being one of these. Having been responsible in an earlier life for the physical demise of John Wilkes Booth, it was in the karma of both men for the assassination tragedy to happen as it did. Lincoln's word for this came through upon a certain occasion, corroborating this basis for the celebrated Ford Theatre tragedy.

Now suppose the time came for one soul who was to be a member of this prospective family group, to enter into the gestating fetus of the infant that later would be its bodily vehicle and start the series of domestic events that would carry it through some distressing pay-off. What if, at the last moment, it suddenly decided it failed to possess "what it took" to wipe off the obligation facing it as it approached adulthood—not necessarily victim of homicide but any one of a thousand situations the settlement of which was accompanied by social odium or distress. It simply did not want to go through with its bargain made thirty or forty years before, when the father

and mother were souls on the higher plane along with it. Thus it abstained from taking possession of the new body that should have served it as vehicle, and the infant upon delivery turned out still-born.

Such is the real cause for more still-born babies than any other!

The biologic organism, however perfectly formed, is born "without a soul in it", and therefore has expired—chiefly through lack of courage and stamina to live out the planned life and "take its medicine."

But this thing, too, may happen—



THERE is such a thing as some other soul, not previously a party to the domestic arrangements made earlier in the original instance on the Higher Side, securing permission to seize upon and occupy the gestating infant organism—and coming out into earth-life and having an incarnation that serves its own purpose originally contemplated by the group—and thus producing a situation complained of by our Illinois matron. Not having known that soul and laid plans for mothering it as the specific personality it is, she would at once sense a strangeness about it. The masculine soul who *should* have come into that embryo and proceeded to function in it according to original plan, may simply have defected for reasons known only to itself, and another seized upon the chance to take its place. This last would not necessarily require to have karmic adjustments to make with its physical brothers and sisters—nor for that matter with the "parents"—but would merely wish to provide itself with a vehicle and chance to use it in such society as it encountered by the sheer fact of being born at such prevailing period.

This would seem to account in most ready fashion for what happened in the instance of her third child. Had this "strange" soul, who has gone by the name of Edgar,

not substituted for the soul whom the mother was preparing subconsciously to receive and rear, there is every assumption that the body of the third male child might have been delivered lifeless. This would seem to be borne out by the fact that an earlier boy-child after Howard had been still-born. It could almost be conjectured that there was a man-soul connected with this woman who was timorous about entering into the mortal tenure at the period, who had defected before and left the "mother" with bereavement after she had done her work of motherhood. Then came along this third boy whom she called Edgar but whose personality was unfamiliar to her on the Higher Planes.

It would seem to be an open-and-shut case of substitution, confirmed by the insouciance immediately existing of one for the other after the bodily tenure had been achieved. Soulcraft doesn't say it *was* the situation in this case, but it could have been most likely. What the Edgar-soul's obligation to that mother can have been thereafter, deserves a paper separate unto itself. . . .

Truly Are in Love

(Continued from Page 6)

to the true one being sought, there is widening and broadening knowledge. So nothing is really lost.

Subjecting Love itself to analysis under such cosmic circumstances can be done blindly or it can be done intelligently. But in practical effects it will resolve pretty much to this—

SEX LOVE is *neither* physical nor mental, although it may take both forms for expression. Sex love is subconscious acknowledgment that the individual's role in life is to be lived in polarity with another, not in the sex isolations of the bachelor, spinster, misogamist. Further than that, it also means that the etheric constitution requires a quantity of odic force that is not sufficient unto itself in individual allotments but must be augmented by the complementing force of the beloved. In such association the strength of the power is not doubled but quadrupled. Procreation of young, which the sensualist thinks so "natural" really is but incidental to the spiritual requirements being served.

The episodes of adolescent girls having three or four infatuations before settling into the conventional love affairs are mere precocious concurrences in what the sub-

conscious mind holds by way of identified obligations that maturity must materialize. They are not love affairs in themselves but immature hypotheses of attachments which the impatient adolescents are eager to be about—hence the *bon mot* that certain young females are not in love with men but in love with love.

Really their subconscious brevets to mate with definite individuals and play the roles of spouses are more insistent than they can control, and the blueprint design is mistaken for the finished structure.

Now is as good a time to take stock of the fact that practically everyone in life, masculine or feminine, eventually meets and marries the party with whom he or she has unfinished cosmic business. Unions that aren't supposed to happen just don't jell.

Whoever may protest that he or she is by no means "happily" wedded, is open to the inquiry as to what purpose was served then, when he or she prescribed their specific partners as conditioners of experience for them in the current sojourn? Find that out, determine it, and the going through with it ceases to be ordeal and becomes a type of challenge to adventure.

At any rate, transpose the word Love in the romantic sense for "successful compliance with the cosmic blueprint" and most unions make sense. Fight them and you fight destiny.

And Destiny was never yet beaten since Adam went through with his original matrimony in the Garden of Eden and lived to be evicted from the premises for non-payment of moral rent!

Man His Own Fallen Angel

(Continued from Page 10)

such for the purpose of determining its further destiny.

Reincarnation was installed to allow mankind to periodically leave the earth for entrance into celestial classrooms or higher planes of vibration so that they would not be forced to live forever in the encasement which they had created for themselves. Earthly revisitation therefore continues until the individual has accomplished his redemption.

It is not a dour hypothesis to hold people in physical duration vile, nor is it a hopeless oscillation between the physical plane and the higher areas of pure spirit. Countless hordes of the erring Sons of Light have long since won back to their original estate and now appear in the earth-scheme no longer. Countless other hordes are still

here, going in and out of the sublimated primate mechanism, and passing to higher spiritual graduation as they win to it in the individual case.

Make no mistake here, however. There is no attempt being made by Divine Providence to hold humankind in the primate form one second longer than is necessary to accomplish the lost spiritual millennium. Countless thousands of men and women are undergoing their final visit here in their present lives, and know it.

And the proof of their divinity lies in the fact that they do it for the doing in itself.

It takes a Christ to recognize a Christ.

And this is the age when Christs call to Christs, and the watchword is human service glorified.

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ARE YOU PSYCHIC?



IT WOULD seem to be an easy matter to be psychic. You see an older and wiser person "taking messages" from the Invisible and fail to see why you should not take them also. You know nothing of the tremendous training and conditionings from Experience that have gone into the achievement of the supernal gifts that enable your psychic friend to "consummate" with such apparent ease with the higher echelons of consciousness. So you "hear voices" and you start in. But presently the "voices" are telling you things which you discover later not to correlate with fact. You discover that promissings made you do not mature. You have accepted that anything coming over the telepathic radio must be simon-pure and bona fide simply because they arrive by processes not accredited of the world.

The fault doesn't lie, as you are prone to believe, in the falsity of origin of such instructings. It lies in the fact that you have not served your apprenticeship in the technique of true communication and are the butt and victim of mischievous instructors who delight to confuse and disrupt. In the East this period is designed "Pledge Fever." It is the period in which the psychical novitiate "learns the ropes" concerning this most mystical of all gifts, learns what not to do and what not to accredit.

Men and women have been ages mastering these supernal attributes and not learned all that exists to be learned, even yet. The many Planes of Consciousness do not correlate with the readiness that you, in your naive self-confidence had assumed.

All of which boils down to the admonition: Thank your God that perchance you are NOT psychic. The reason you did not come by psychical gifts naturally was because you lacked the emotional stability to handle the product that must inevitably result. At any rate, the thing is by no means as "easy" as it looks.

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Psychical Research

I'M BECOMING convinced—and this is no laughing matter—that something like four-fifths of the “mischief” and “misrepresentation” alleged to be connected with psychical investigation—landing participants in insufferable quandary—is by no means due to unhallowed behavior on the parts of communicating entities so much as neophyte ignorance in spectators and naivete in communicants on this mortal side.

Sheer limitations of knowledge of factors and conditions one is dealing in, are what give spiritualistic phenomena too many black eyes. I'm speaking now of psychical work where the mortal contactee may have passed far beyond mere credulity about survival, accepted that most earth-folk have “guides” who try to exert a protective influence over earthly wards, and by attending two or three seances where Aunt Sophia or Uncle Horace affected to come out and identify themselves, assume they have learned all there is about psychics.

You'd have to occupy my footgear to grasp how annoying can be the Mona Lisa smiles turned upon me when I try to find out how much practical experience a given visitor has had among the folk whom the orthodox world calls “dead”.

To illustrate, I recently put the question to one of those Mona Lisa smilers, “I suppose you're convinced that people able to communicate with earthfolk are wiser than they because of superior angles

of observation?” The visitor answered, “Of course!” To that I answered quickly, “Well, I'm not!”

Then I did have a questionnaire on my hands! How could that be possible? How could anyone on earth be wiser than someone who was ‘dead’? I countered by demanding how the mere fact of quitting the body's occupancy brought wisdom, particularly omnipotent wisdom? “Because they're able to travel further and see more,” was the argument. I demanded as to that, “And what assurance do we possess that they *do* so?” . . . “For heaven's sake,” my visitor cried, “are you suddenly impugning the superior knowledge of your own spirits?” . . . “My dear woman,” said I, “perish the thought that they're *my* spirits. I've simply gone a little further in treating with them than yourself.”

I didn't happen to be in the mood to compress a 30-year course in transcendent psychiatry into the forty minutes my caller was clipping from the middle of my workday. “I'm convinced,” I said, “that these visiting souls from higher planes are by no means so erudite as they effect to make out to us . . . in fact, I believe there are hundreds and even thousands of us who actually know more about their own condition than they know themselves.



As for matters dealing with this, our earth-world, we may know a thousand-and-one things about our own worldly business that haven't happened within range of their observation in any aspect whatsoever. But they won't concede it, wishing to be thought all competent because it's agreeable on any plane to be so regarded.

The earthly colleague, giving them credit for knowledge which they mayn't possess, cries Hoax, Masquerade and even Deviltry when matters don't check up as the spirit visitors have declared. The trouble isn't that hoaxing or deceiving or preposterous satanism has been at work. It's that people on the earth-side, due to their own ignorance of conditions maintaining between the planes which re-

sult in complexes about the infallibility of ‘the spirits’, have expected too much or taken for granted what they have never had premise for assuming in the first place. Then they exclaim in horrified awe when I have the temerity to challenge spirit statements, merely because I'm in flesh and the informants in Etheria.

Applesauce! . . . Spirits are spirits on any plane of consciousness. We ourselves are only spirits, however encased temporarily in vehicles of flesh. What's in our eternal intellects may be something else entirely. I just don't happen to be awed nor credulous because another spirit intellect may be operating apart from earlier vehicle. But what a beautiful dither some earthfolk land in, who take the position that all discarnates are as Voices of God.

First of all, the biggest requirement in psychical research of any kind is emotional stability. Because some homicidal goon may gain access to the inner ear and spew forth filth and subversion, doesn't mean that everybody communicating from the loftier planes is an imposter or scoundrel. Homicidal goons sometimes get the ear of quite respectable folk on this earthside.

After an interminable time treating with it, you come to identify the plane from which the discarnate descends by what accuracy of wisdom they bring, no matter who they say they are, or how much solicitude they express for one's welfare.

No, none of us make a swap of physical bodies for omnipotent wisdom. What we should really have for survivors of the Passing is a compassionate *comprehension* of whatever handicaps they may be laboring under in making themselves articulate to us. . . .

TO SUBSCRIBERS:

We are for the second time this summer combining two issues (July-August) VALOR into one. In such cases the expiration date of your subscription is automatically set forward, assuring you of the full number of magazines originally ordered.



Seven Days Grace

By William Dudley Pelley



A MIGHTY man was Colonel Jethro Pepper, mighty in his bodily graces, mighty in his commercial ramifications up and down Hebron valley, mighty in his vain conceits. In his moods and displeasures the man could be mighty likewise, especially when worsted in a contest of wits.

Seated before his battered desk in the Hebron Trust Company on a zestful October morning, it came to the Colonel with stomach somersaulting dynamics that he had been worsted in a game of wits indeed—worsted so comprehensively, exhaustively and utterly that nothing remained of his mighty vanity but fine powdered dust which a puff of breath might dissolve into air.

The man had been inveigled, compromised, exploited—the words are my own. He had been buncoed, bamboozled, flimflammed—the words are the Colonel's. Not alone this, but the strategy had apparently been steered to a successful denouement by a beardless boy, a lad young enough to be his son, a fellow the town had believed for weeks on the brink of bankruptcy. Longfellow spoke poetically of "the shades of night" falling fast in a Alpine village of uncertain location. There was nothing poetic about the shades of night that were falling fast on old Colonel Pepper's apoplectic countenance as he read a letter the morning's mail had produced:

Dear Colonel Pepper:

Last Wednesday evening I sat in the Star Restaurant and learned something I believe is to your advantage to know.

I gathered that the local plow works was in desperate financial straits and that Bobby Kimball, the manager, and Miss Alice Peck, his private secretary and fiancée, had their heads together to find a way out.

The late John Sloan had promised them a \$25,000 investment and in anticipation of that relief, Mr. Kimball had drawn and signed checks for all his company's outstanding obligations. I took it that these amounted to nearly \$10,000. But Mr. Sloan had died without making the investment and the bills and checks had been put away in stamped and addressed envelopes until a deposit to cover them had been derived from some other source.

From their conversation I understood that a stupid office girl had found the packet that afternoon and apparently mailed it under the impression the envelopes were overlooked letters. With nearly \$10,000 worth of checks out and less than a hundred dollars in their bank account they had to hit on a strategy to raise large money quickly.

So they devised an audacious scheme to build an entirely new plow works here in Hebron on the supposition that they might interest you in putting up the buildings. Meanwhile they would get you to post enough guarantee money that you were able to do the work satisfactorily as our leading local contractor to cover the amount of worthless checks in the mails.

I understand this scheme went over perfectly and that while Mr. Kimball left \$25,000 of his old plow works stock with you as evidence of good faith that he would deliver, he is now considering the alternative of letting you foreclose upon it which would be equivalent to selling you the stock for less than 50 cents on the dollar.

It was legitimate enough, a neat bit of strategy, and while I marvel you fell for it so easily, I am in a position to advise you that Mr. Kimball has no money to build a new plant and small prospect of getting it. If you doubt it, confront him with these accusations and observe his re-

actions. And please keep this communication strictly confidential.

A FRIEND

As he read, every gray hair on the Colonel's bullet head began bristling like wire. A vein down his beety forehead now throbbed dangerously. The letter, hand written in fine Spencerian penmanship, trembled in his great, gnarled paw.

"Buncoed! Bamboozled! Flimflammed!" he roared when he could speak. All the bank heard. Even Homer Wright, the president, materialized in the old Colonel's doorway.

"What's happened, Colonel Pepper? Not a bankruptcy that loses us money, I trust."

"Bankruptcy?" bellowed the Colonel. "I'll say there's bankruptcy. Hopeless bankruptcy . . . of my self respect. Go look through the record, Homer. Tell me if checks went through the bank this week that paid all the plow works' bills."

"I don't need to look through the records, Colonel. It was so astounding we couldn't possibly miss it. Over nine thousand dollars' worth of checks came in Friday and Saturday for collection."

"Buncoed! Bamboozled! Flimflammed!" roared the obsessed old man. "But I'll show him who's smartest. Gonna have me put up new buildin's, is he? We'll see about that. We'll see about a warrant for Bob Kimball's arrest!"

"What for, Colonel Pepper?"

"For obtainin' money under false pretenses. For makin' me think he had millions when all he had was some worthless checks!"

"I'd go slow, Colonel Pepper. Unless he made specific statements—"

"Whether he made 'em or not don't matter. Point is, he got my money!"

"But Colonel—"

"Shut your loquacious head! Told me he had a partner worth a million to him.

If that ain't misrepresentin', what is?"

"Worth a million to him. That didn't necessarily mean such a partner was worth a million to you or the plow works."

"Wanted to buy my meadow down along the tracks for two thousand dollars . . . with wind! Wanted to put up a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollar plant . . . with wind! I'll show him wind! It'll blow him into a cell." And thrusting the anonymous letter into the pocket on his mighty stomach, the old man clapped a faded green derby on his iron-gray head and smoked from the bank.

MISS ALICE PECK, office manager at the plow works, private secretary to its worried young manager, partner extraordinary in the whole enterprise because of certain understandings involving a half-carat diamond—Miss Alice Peck a half-hour later beheld the Colonel approach the plow works from afar. And her face paled slightly. For the Colonel was accompanied by Sheriff Bailey and in the latter's hand was an ominous paper. That also Allie Peck, "private" secretary, beheld from afar. It sent her galvanically into Bob Kimball's office.

"We're in for it, Bobby!" she cried in a whisper. "Something's leaked somehow. Colonel Pepper's crossing the tracks as though he would kick them out of his way. And Sheriff Bailey's with him!"

A fellow in his middle thirties, with hair awry and pipeash liberally sprinkling his thirty dollar suit, sat back from the desk where he worked in his shirt sleeves. His eyes held the constant expression of a note owed somewhere and no money to meet it.

"LeBeau must have told him . . . or perhaps Lawyer Briggs. There was no one else—"

"Keep your nerve, Bobby. Don't let him bully you. Remember you haven't done anything crooked."

"Stick by me, Allie—"

"Of course I'll stick by you. Aren't we in it together? If this old plow works is to have a successful reorganization, it's your brain and mine must engineer it." They were standing rather close together when the outer door banged open and heavy footsteps came in the ante room. Allie Peck was a trim, firm-bodied, deadly

capable little woman with steel gray eyes and a dimple in her prominent chin as dangerous as her mettle. Her mettle was disclosed in her expression now when the inner door was sent flying open and the banker and contractor filled the frame with Sheriff Bailey at his shoulder.

"Oh, there you are!" he bellowed as Kimball found his feet. Instinctively the man's arm went about the woman's shoulders. She fitted beneath that arm as though nature had made her for it on purpose.

"Perhaps, Colonel Pepper," the fellow said with spunk, "—you'll be good enough to explain this dramatic intrusion."

"Intrusion indeed, you audacious young coot! Gettin' money under false pretenses is my charge again you—"

"You dare to insinuate I've taken any money from you under false pretenses. Go slowly, Colonel Pepper. Make sure of your ground. If you insinuate—"

"I don't insinuate! I'm bawlin' it from the housetops."

"Be careful, Colonel Pepper!"

"Careful fiddlesticks! Twelve thousand five hundred you took of my money for your plow works . . . and used it to cover your checks—"

"I had a right to do anything with that guarantee money I desired. You'll have it returned when the plow works' new plant is completed."

"When it's completed! That's good! Ten years from next judgment day, it'll be completed on what backin' you got. You're busted and you know it—"

"How do you know, Colonel Pepper?" Allie's firm voice interjected. "Who told you?"

"Never you mind who told me. I got my friends in this town I guess. This feller led me to believe he'd hooked a partner with a million dollars and he ain't hooked a cent—outside o' my forfeit. But I hooked somethin'. On my way down here from the bank I hooked a warrant for his arrest!"

So the girl's first fears were realized. Bob Kimball fought down his panic with pathetic effort. But though his features were bilious, he would not be bullied. Nerve might get him through somehow—if he kept it. Allie however, continued:

"Just how do you know we haven't got backing?" she demanded. "You're sure

of it? You'd better be, you know. Otherwise . . ."

"Otherwise what?"

". . . well, you've got property, I'm delighted to recall. We'd as soon turn a pretty penny from a verdict for malicious prosecution as from selling plows."

"All right! Prove you've got this partner. Where is he?"

"We're not called on to prove anything," snapped Bob with spirit. "I never said my partner had a million. I said I had a partner who was worth a million to me. There's a difference. If your ear didn't catch it, I can't help that."

"Well, who is he, may I ask?"

"You may not ask. And that partner isn't necessarily a 'he.' It's really none of your business."

"None of my . . . See here, young feller, you're in a mighty tight place. You took my money to build you a plow works—"

"I took a guarantee from you that you could erect such buildings as I'm going to acquire. Complete those buildings and you'll get it back."

"Complete 'em with what? Where's the money to do it with?"

"But the plans and papers aren't drawn up yet. You haven't even consented to sell us the land . . ."

"No, and I won't! Got that? *I won't!* Not till you show me your bank roll or produce a backer who's got one."

The man and the girl swapped glances. "Shall we let him do it, Allie? . . ."

"Let me do what?" interposed the Colonel.

"Shall we let him serve the warrant? And then sting him . . . sting him good?"

"Yes," said the woman vehemently after a moment's thought and as though they shared a mysterious secret. I think the idea is excellent. We'd get this man's land for nothing." If they were "fore-flushing" their acting was superb.

The Colonel had not counted on such reaction. He had expected fright, panic, appeal. Kimball's spunk, his willingness to submit to arrest not only sobered the Colonel. It took the wind "from his sails" and left him suddenly becalmed in a sea of his own indecision. Suppose they did have such a backer? . . . produced him? . . .

"See here, you folks, o' course I don't want to go doin' nothin' hasty. Suppose . . . suppose . . . I hold up this warrant for . . . well, seven days . . ."

"No, you've sworn it out. Go ahead and arrest—"

"Wait a minute, Robert," the girl interjected. She was dramatically thoughtful a moment. "You say you'll hold up the warrant for seven days, Colonel, till we produce a partner or director worth a million dollars. Supposing we do? Will you on the other hand, forfeit your meadow in apology for this—"

"Forfeit my meadow?"

"Put it this way: If we agree to produce a millionaire director within one week, you'll accept stock in the company for your land and tear up that warrant."

"Supposing I don't want to?"

"Then Sheriff Bailey will please arrest Mr. Kimball at once."

The Colonel was puzzled, dismayed, distrustful. Yet if they produced such a director, the value of the land might be absorbed in his bill for construction of the buildings erected.

"Write it on paper," he suggested as an excuse to think.

Allie sped to her typewriter in quiet elation. She composed and hammered out a "contract." She had not worked ten years in a lawyer's office for nothing. She knew how to draw a contract. The old Colonel "hemmed and hawed." He had a presentiment he should consult an attorney if that did not infer he was unable to look after his interests alone. Yet the paper was plain enough. For one dollar and other considerations in hand paid and receipt whereof was thereby acknowledged, he would turn over to Robert Kimball for the Hebron Plow Works all right and title to a certain building lot he owned below the fair ground and accept payment therefor in stock of the recognized company *provided*, . . . that before the termination of seven days from date thereof the said Robert Kimball proved to his reasonable satisfaction that at least one million dollars was represented on the said Kimball's board of directors through the presence thereon of a monied man of recognized financial standing, etc. . . . That if at the end of the said seven days

no such director was forthcoming, the said Kimball should submit to arrest on charges of fraud and twelve thousand five hundred dollars be returned to the said Colonel Pepper from the plow works treasury.

"All right," he said patronizingly at last, as he put on foggy nose glasses and signed his hen-scratched signature, "—you got seven days grace and God help you if you try to run. You understand this thing, Bailey. You're to hold that warrant till next Monday mornin'. If I ain't withdrawn the charges personally by then, you're to come in here and lug this feller off to jail."

The sheriff understood. Colonel Pepper took himself from the plow works office.

Alone at last, Kimball looked in the steel gray eyes of the trim little woman who loved him. Pulling his handkerchief from his pocket, he mopped his forehead.

"Why did you offer to do that, Allie. When I told him over the telephone Wednesday night I had a partner worth a million dollars *to me*, it was you I meant—"

"And you still think so?"

"Of course, I think so. But . . . Lord, where are we going to get such a partner?"

She laughed whimsically. "I haven't the slightest idea in the world. But seven days are . . . seven days!"

"**O**H LORD, Allie, what a fix!" he groaned.

"We've got our brains," she replied. "Anyhow, we're in it together. *We must!*"

"I thought I was cornered the other night with those darned stamped envelopes. But this means jail . . . scandal . . . damaging publicity . . ."

"We're going to land that millionaire!"

"If I were only down in New York City where millionaires grow on trees, where city opportunities—"

"Without the right sort of brains and initiative you'd be no better off in New York City than up here in the country. For in the last analysis, successful men make their own opportunities. They don't wait to pick a millionaire off a tree."

"But this darned old country up here is asleep."

"The country isn't asleep any more than the city is alive. That's the trouble with



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too many failures. They blame the country for lack of opportunities when the fault lies in themselves, and their mental sluggishness to deliberately manufacture opportunities where opportunities fail to show of themselves."

"But the city—any city—possesses more material for even the manufacture of opportunities!"

"And consequently more competition. Stuff and nonsense, Bobby Kimball. People have been holding a silly, erroneous view of the country too long. They've mistaken country quiet for impotence and decay. Instead of which, country quiet is only the inactivity of undeveloped, undiscovered resource. Look at you and your stamped envelope predicament last Wednesday. We put our heads together and in one evening, principally by a few telephone conversations, we raised nearly thirteen thousand dollars. Could you do that in a city?"

"But Allie, . . . no one can make bricks without straw."

"Because you haven't any straw is no reason why you can't go ahead and make bricks out of something else. It's all in your mental attitude, Bobby. For six years you've staggered along here, content to keep your head above water, believing that because you were up here in the country the business could never be made any larger. You've accepted the typical, old-fashioned country attitude. This nation needs a renaissance of country industry, Bobbie. Insofar as Hebron is concerned, you've shown what you could do personally when the screw and the wrack was sufficiently forceful. I'm glad it happened, to awaken you from your lethargy. I'm glad Colonel Pepper's on the war-path so quickly to keep you awake till you begin to see what opportunities are all around you—"

"But Allie, there's only one millionaire in all Hebron Valley—Governor Caswell. And he's only here for summers or weekends."

"All right. So long as there's even one, he's straw for the bricks of our plant. Go land him."

"Go land him. Ha! Ha! That's good. What does that big New York financier want of an interest in a bally little country plow works—?"

"How would you land him if you were

down in the city? What about the same strategy working as well in the country?"

"You're a great little self-starter, Allie. Why have you kept silent so long?"

"Let's say I'm proving a theory—that environment has nothing whatever to do with success. It's all in a person's attitude and sprawl. And . . . and . . ."

"What, Allie?"

"Every woman's more or less of a fool, I guess, wanting the man whom she—well, in whom she's *interested*—to make the utmost of his natural capabilities!"

Bob Kimball finally went from his office feeling like a man who has received a stay of execution through the efforts of a loving woman. Seven days to get a bona fide millionaire on his Board of Directors! Did he really have the brains to do it? Did sturdy little Allie Peck see more in him than he saw himself? Was she right about country lassitude being the abiosis of undeveloped resource?

He wandered off down the tracks in the sunshine, hands in his pockets, head thrust forward. He passed the meadow belonging to old Colonel Pepper where for one or two nights he had dreamed of erecting a great thriving industry, a monument to his own grim energy and initiative. He continued downward through the south of town where the fragrant country opened, where the briarbloom was ragged over old stone walls, where the hills kept their vigil through eternal storm and sunshine.

Half a mile from the village he sat down on a low pile of ties and whittled a stick. Before him was the Widow Gossey's dilapidated little farm of a dozen acres. Beyond it wound the highway into Hebron. Then arose the magnificent grade up through Governor Caswell's private orchard of priceless fruit trees, golf course and landscape gardens to his three-hundred-thousand-dollar brownstone residence overlooking the valley like a citadel.

How could Bob ever storm that citadel and get the hardened old baron to take a directorship in a bucolic little plow works struggling for existence up here in the hills? A hard man was "Governor" Caswell, well hated by the valley by reason of his ruthless dispossession of several old homesteads to gather the acres for his estate. Openly he bragged that "these country hicks" could put nothing

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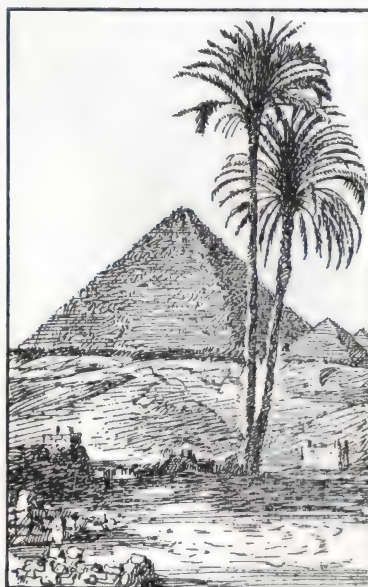
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over on him—if they could, he deserved it. Jake Gossey, before his fall in the elevator shaft in the plow works, had managed to hold on against the rich man's monopoly, principally for the reason that his gone-to-seed little property was not necessary to the "Governor's" scheme of domain till the present.

A heavy green wood fire was evidently burning in the Widow's kitchen range. Smoke belched from the low, squat chimney where the woman labored over a wash tub to support her fatherless offspring.

Suddenly as Bob watched . . . and studied the terrain before him, he prickled to the roots of his hair. His eyes distended, his mouth dropped open. He snapped the stick he was whittling and cast it from him, shutting up his knife.

'My Lord, I could do it, . . . with the Widow's assistance. I could do it if she holds that grudge against Caswell and I've only got the nerve!'

Yet he did not rush at once to the Widow's humble dwelling. He thought out his plan step by step, to a logical conclusion. He balanced, weighed, tested.

He estimated the probable cost of the Widow's acres, the amount a hundred men would stand him for a handful of days at two or three dollars per day. He had the money for that.

'By gosh, I'll do it,' he cried at last. 'Caswell got the goods on old Jim Pierce. He turned out Amos Silsbury and there was a story that he even plowed over the old Baptist burying ground. He did it with nerve. Why can't I do the same?'

The "Governor" had done more than this, though Kimball didn't know. Pierce's bed-ridden wife was alleged to have died as a result of her removal into town and her heartbreak over the ruthless destruction of the home where her people had lived for three generations. Castle Gables was an arrogant monument to the contempt of city brains for country impotency. And besides, the "Governor" openly bragged of the infallibility of his mental strategy, that it had brought him his millions. If a man was smart enough to beat him, the spoils were his, indeed.

At one-thirty Bobby Kimball emerged from the Widows' home with grim triumph on his features. He had found the nerve!

GOVERNOR Benjamin B. Caswell was a portly individual, five feet two in height with bandy legs, a generous torso and the whitest hair and pinkest complexion of any financial Napoleon in lower Broadway. He had two hobbies—a motherless daughter, at the moment touring the continent with an aunt, and his wonderful summer residence where the expenditures of half a million dollars to date had made Castle Gables the show place for miles around.

Up through Hebron Valley three days later tore his mammoth limousine, breaking every speed law known to the statutes, tearing through woodlands, roaring across boglands and deer thickets, leaping railroad crossings without regard for approaching trains and generally deporting itself as though both chauffeur and occupant were crazed in their wits. Perhaps eleven long distance telephone calls in two days from his caretaker at Castle Gables would perturb any man who desired apart from his hours at business to be known as a simple country gentleman. But the information conveyed by those calls. . . .

The limousine made the last fifteen miles on that long New York trip at the nerve racking speed of one mile per minute. The luxurious estate and the somnambulant skyline of Hebron Village was at last disclosed ahead, he was almost out on the motor's deep running-board, prepared to jump at the instant of arrival. He looked ahead and swore scathingly.

The caretaker had been right. The Widow Gossey's grubby little home had gone. Where the windbreak of trees had banked it from aggravating view of his household and guests at The Gables, was now but a smouldering cellar hole banked by felled trees. He looked again and his blood pressure tightened. The Widow's humble cot was humble no longer. Her acres droning under the sunshine, droned no more. The plot was flat and bare and bumbled with activity.

Sections of picturesque fence had been removed along the road. Here and there brush fires were burning, smoke blowing up the hill amid the Governor's priceless fruit trees—two thousand of them—across his deep stone veranda and into



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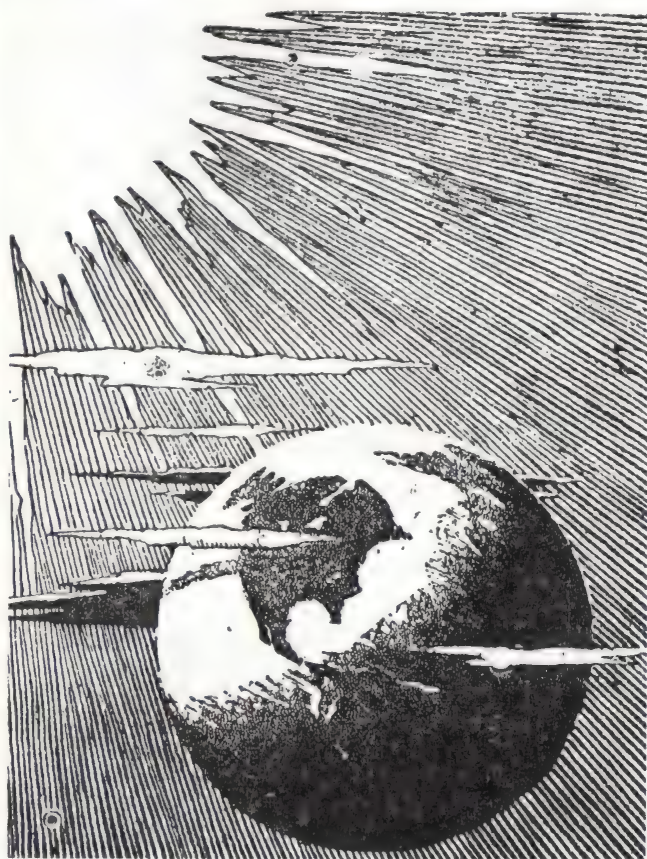
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the opened windows of chambers. Most perturbing of all, a dozen plow-teams and stoneboats were staggering across the overturned sod where a hundred laborers toiled with shovels and crowbars and a pale faced young fellow in rough clothes and puttees was industriously driving out stakes while he kept a nervous watch on the highroad.

The Governor's motor skidded to a stop. Out of his auto coat the old man slipped as though figuratively preparing for battle. He tossed it back in the car, pushed up his auto cap, drew a long choking breath and started for the distant corner whence came the chock of a driving axe and the flash of its head in the sunlight.

“See here, you young buzzard! . . . just what does this mean?”

The stake-driver straightened. He effected surprise.

“Oh, good morning, Governor Caswell. Glad to see you've arrived. As we're going to be neighbors more or less—”

“Neighbors! *Neighbors!* What the devil are you doing here, anyhow?”

“Haven't you heard? We've started the plow works.”

“You've started the *what?*”

“The new plow works, Governor. Thought everyone had heard. Going to put a brand new plant twice the size of the one in the village. Going to have one of the biggest foundries here to be found in this part of the state.”

“Foundries! Biggest? You mean right here under my nose?”

“That depends, Governor, on where you keep your . . . er . . . nose.” Had the white-haired, pink-faced financier known how sick with strain was the young man before him, he might have uttered the one big “*Boo!*” that would have sent his heels flying. But the financier did not know and Bob stood his ground. “It's unfortunate, Governor. But you see, the wheels of industry that put a town on the industrial map, should not be halted just because a non-resident—”

“Fire! Fiddlesticks! Blood and corruption! Who give you authority to come sashaying down here and build a factory right under my windows . . . a foundry!”

“I wasn't aware I had to get authority.

There were no restrictions on Mrs. Gossey's property that my lawyer could find."

"You've bought this property?"

"I paid Mrs. Gossey six hundred dollars and her delinquent taxes. She gave me a title as clean as a hound's tooth. I've the right to do as I please on this property. Just at present I'm building a plow works. If you doubt it, loaf around and watch."

"But why come down here, when there's a dozen sites nearer the village?"

"Because there aren't. I know because I tried to get one. There's only one other tract that's level and fronts on the railroad for a shipping spur. That's Colonel Pepper's—"

"Then why don't you buy it? Why come down here and ruin my valley vista with a . . . a foundry?" The Governor's blood pressure was worse than Jethro Pepper's when he read that letter three days previously in the bank. "The railroad was bad enough yet the foliage hid it somewhat and with only four trains a day—"

"Why don't I buy Colonel Pepper's tract? Because he won't sell it. I tried hard enough to induce him. If you don't believe it supposing you ask him—"

"So you come down here to blackmail me into buying you off just because I never dreamed anyone would want the Widow's property for a foundry—way down so far out of town?"

"Blackmail's an ugly word, Governor. Be careful how you use it. I haven't asked you to buy up anything—"

"It amounts to that, doesn't it? Do you think I'm going to have half a million dollars worth of country property ruined with a plow works . . . a foundry! . . . almost in the middle of my front lawn?"

"Why didn't you buy the lady's property to protect yourself?"

"I never dreamed—"

"Then it's your funeral, isn't it?"

"I'll see that it's yours—if you won't listen to reason. See here, young man, before you go any further spoiling this landscape, how much do you want for this Gossey property?"

"I don't want a cent. I'm not asking you to buy it."

"But money 'll buy anything."

"Here's a case where it won't, my dear



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Governor. I wanted a site for my plow works and got it. I'm perfectly satisfied. And I don't see just how you can stop me."

"I'll get an injunction till this thing can be heard. Do you think I want to sit on my splendid verandas and look down smoke stacks belching soft coal? And my guests . . . do I want them coming down to breakfast resembling a pack of Ethiopian fire eaters—"

"You'll be the laughing stock of the

valley, Governor, if you try it. You'll look funnier than your Ethiopian guests. A smarter man than yourself saw an opportunity and took it. Besides, the town's mighty interested in my new plow works. It's going to boom business, bring in new families that mean increased trade at the stores, . . . while you're only a transient resident and a none too welcome one at that. You're licked before you start, Governor. I know a dozen big men in Hebron who'd be tickled stiff to



A Different Kind of Previous-Life Story

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*The girl sent back into an earlier
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PERHAPS you've read other books about people being put to sleep in hypnotherapy and claiming to "remember back" into prior existence when they had different bodily identities. Are you aware that the great 658-page novel *Road into Sunrise* was the forerunner of all such stories, published in 1954 by Soulcraft? Sophie Blicher, a New York stenographer, was sent back into her prenatal mind and realized she had been one of the celebrated daughters of the great Egyptian Queen Nefertiti. Recalling all of her career as an Egyptian princess, she made the perturbing discovery that her memory veil would not return. She was permanently and constantly conscious of both embodiments.

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Noblesville, Indiana

see you get the short end of it, to watch you driven from the valley by my smoke."

The Governor's pink face was a study in human expression. He controlled his profanity with a mighty effort.

"See here, young man. You're smart, I'll admit. But put yourself in my place. Suppose you'd invested half a million in a country estate, planning to live there in comfort when you'd retired from business. And suppose a crazy, young manufacturer walked into your picture and set a grubby plow works plop! . . . right between your knees, so to speak. Tell me honestly, what would you do?"

"I'd move . . . before it scorched my pants!"

"Oh, you would? I suppose you see nothing contemptible in your duress—?"

"Not to you, Governor. Any more than you saw anything contemptible in ejecting Pierce and Silsbury or plowing over the Baptist cemetery. Any other man, perhaps. But not yourself."

"So I've got to suffer it, have I, simply because I wasn't careful in buying up the Widow Gossey—"

"When people put up half-million dollar estates, aren't they usually longheaded about buying adjacent property when they want seculsion? On the other hand, how about me? Suppose you in turn wanted to increase your business, build a new plant, would you let your project die stillborn, just because a non-resident outsider happened to have a house in the vicinity?"

The "Governor" let this pass. "Why can't you buy the other site—Pepper's? Ain't you got the money?"

"Because of a personal tiff. You know how small towns go. Colonel Pepper and I came to loggerheads over the contract for construction. He wanted to know all the intimate details of my financing. When I refused to divulge what wasn't his business, he refused to sell me his meadow."

"And you need a diplomat to straighten things out?"

"Not now. It's too late. I've already bought this site and started excavating. I'm putting in the foundation myself. Think I can save some money doing it by the day—"

"Nothing's ever too late. Supposing I went to Pepper and arranged for his

meadow. Even bought it outright. Would you swap it for this property you're ruining with these dagoes—?"

"Plot for plot?"

"Exactly."

"You'd only run up the price. No, I couldn't consider it. Colonel Pepper would see through the maneuver in an instant and block it. I wouldn't give him that much further satisfaction. Of course, if you went to him as a *director* of the plow works . . . sincerely wanted to acquire that site in the interests of the company . . ."

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

"But you're not a director!"

"Anything stopping me from becoming one?"

"Lots of things. To begin with, you're not a stockholder in the company. Our by-laws state all directors must be."

"B'dam! . . . is anything stopping me from becoming a stockholder?"

"I couldn't think of it, Governor. You're too big a man. I mean, your other interests are so gigantic beside my—"

"I guess I'm the best judge of that. Wouldn't I naturally want to be a stockholder . . . and director . . . in an industry that's the backbone of the town where I've got my summer home?"

"No, Governor Caswell, you're only wasting time."

"Smart, ain't you? Too darned smart for this grubby town! You belong down in New York City, young fellow."

"There are just as many opportunities up here in the country, Governor. That's just the trouble with too many fellows, . . . blame the country for lack of opportunities while all the time it's their mental sluggishness—"

"Botheration with your mental sluggishness. There's no mental sluggishness about this site for a plow works. I'll become a director in your company so quick it'll make your head swim if you'll go do your crazy digging on Pepper's land!"

"I'd require a little time to think things over, Governor. You see, I've already started—"

"I don't care what you've already started. You've raised hob with the shubbery but it'll grow out new. And the house is gone . . . there's a blessing in that—"

"No, Governor, I don't think I'm in-



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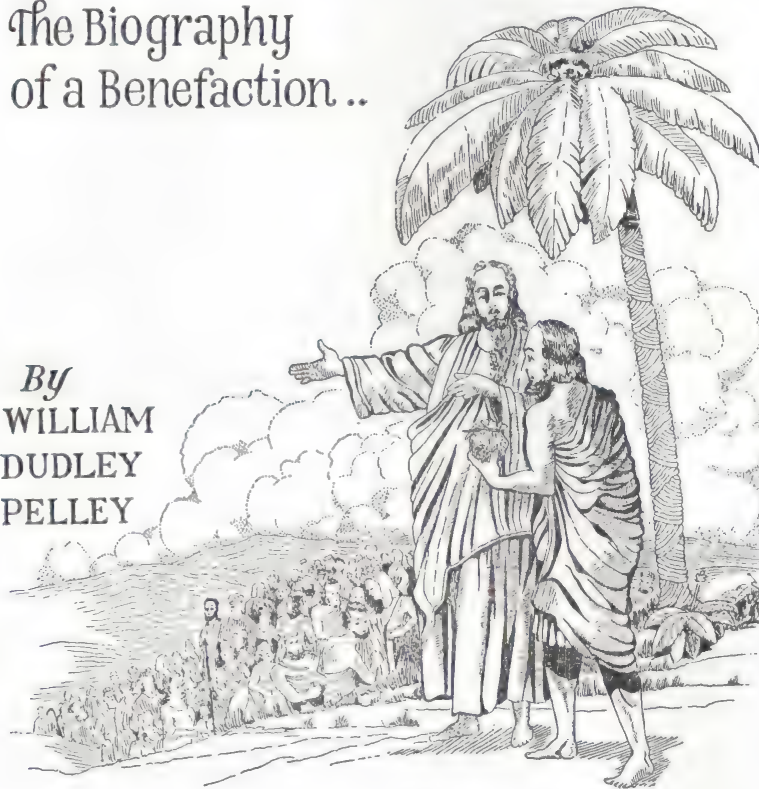
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terested. Having you as a director in my company would be too awkward. You're not the type I want at all."

"I've never been told I can't have a directorate in any company yet. I want this place. I'll wreck your bally plow works if I can't have it. What does Pepper think he's up to, anyhow, driving a young hustler out of town when he's really bringing the place business?"

"There's only one thing would make me consider it, Governor. That's immediate action. If you want to return with me at once, hold a director's meeting this morning, take a share of stock to make it legal—"

"Quick action? That's my middle name. Do you think I made this long trip up here to palaver 'round like a Peace Conference? My car's waiting. Drop that damaging axe before you cut yourself. We'll go to town at once."

The Governor was inwardly gleeful. He would cheerfully have written Kimball a check for ten thousand dollars—and he was getting off with a lickpenny hundred. He thought himself too gray with the world not to realize this diplomatic way of compromising the issue. He was a smart man, talking the crazy chap off so and getting a company directorate besides.

"All right, men," said Kimball stoically to the interested bewhiskered faces that had gathered around and were watching intently. "Drop your work for the present. But stay on the job. The deal may fall through, in which case we continue."

He went for his coat in a fence corner. Elated that he had been so successful thus quickly, the Governor nearly gripped the younger man's arm to see he was not lost on their way to the limousine.

DOWN TO the plow works office at two o'clock that afternoon came Colonel Jethro Pepper in response to a summons from little Allie Parker. His mighty tread jarred the office as his bulk passed through and he flung open young Kimball's door. Allie's entreaty inferred he was to meet appeals, alibis, protestations, supplications on the part of the fellow who had triggered him so neatly. Instead, the Colonel stopped short. He nearly swallowed his "chew."

Bobby Kimball was not at his desk. Bobby Kimball was standing by the window. So was Allie. But in Bobby's swivel, a person was sitting, a very clean-appearing elderly man with the whitest hair and pinkest complexion of any man in that part of New England—or lower Broadway.

"YOU!" cried the Colonel, blinking in stupefaction.

"Good afternoon, Colonel Pepper," the country gentleman said dourly. "What's this I hear about you trying to hold us up on the site for our new plow works?"

"Your new plow works!" The Colonel grew bilious. "You mean, Governor, . . . that you . . . say, you ain't a director of this concern, be you? You ain't the partner with the million dillars?"

"Do you think I'd be sitting here if I weren't a director in this concern—with so much business pressing down in the city?"

"My Gawd!" Rarely did the Colonel indulge in profanity. It was not exactly profanity now. A dull flush had spread over Bob Kimball's face. He could not look the apoplectic old man in the eye. Instinctively he had his arm about Allie's shoulders where the woman fitted as though shortened on purpose. As for the woman, her own eyes were . . . starry. Hers was a gentle triumph. Her man had won out again.

"Come, come, Colonel Pepper. We want that land."

"Thought you was startin' operations down to the Widder Gossey's property?"

"That's neither here nor there. We've changed our minds."

"Be you a director all regular? Do you own any stock?"

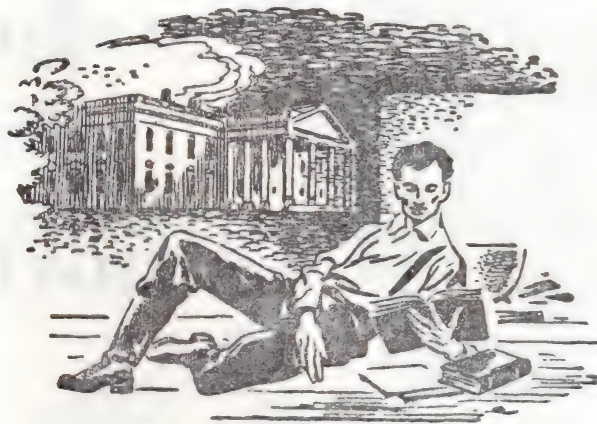
"I do."

"Let's see it."

It was the Governor's turn to flush—if his deep ruddy face could redden any more. He, Governor Benjamin B. Caswell, multi-millionaire and Napoleonic stockbroker, producing a certificate for only a bally hundred dollars worth of stock. Yet the Colonel was insistent. He had to show it before the contractor would do business. He did show it, finally. But the foolish amount made him add offhandedly:

"Of course, you don't think for a minute, that's my whole financial in-

Another Bulls-Eye!



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terest in this plow works. Just a lick-penny amount I happen to have on me at present, . . . organization detail we'll call it, till we get things all shipshape and ready to move forward with the financ-

ing . . ."

"You're the one who's gonna back the plow works?"

The Governor was caught in a trap. But he seemed to have made it himself.



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"Oh, well, . . . I wouldn't exactly call it 'backing.' But this young hustler has gotten me modestly interested and—"

"Young hustler is . . . right. My Gawd! . . . and he gets my good medder for . . . stock!"

"Ho? What's that?"

"I signed an agreement . . . My Gawd! . . . that if he showed me a director on his board worth a million dollars . . . within seven days, I'd give him that medder for nothin' . . . for stock!"

"He did?" For an instant it was deathly silent in that office. Slowly, slowly, Governor Caswell turned in the swivel. "is . . . is . . . this . . . so, young man?"

Robert sensed a bullying ahead. He had his arm around Allie . . . turned instinctively.

"Yes, it's true!" he snapped. "But what if it is? It shouldn't make any difference. I've complied with the terms of the Colonel's conditions and gotten two of Hebron's best men in the bargain."

"Let me see that agreement, Pepper." And the Governor reached forth his puffy hand.

The Colonel found it. It was awkward, waiting for him to absorb its contents. An explosion was coming, a terrible explosion. Kimball felt sure of it and braced himself.

That explosion came, . . . a terrific explosion! . . . worse than Bob had courage to imagine. It nearly jarred the office.

Governor Caswell was laughing—great guffaws of merriment that were heard in the plow works shipping rooms. "Jehosephat, this is rich! This is . . ." and off he went into another paroxysm of laughter almost as perturbing as wrath. "The two of us, sixty years each if we're a day, . . . beautifully gathered in by. . . Haw! Haw! Haw!" And the Governor threw back his head and abandoned himself to the spasm utterly.

Then he got to his feet. To the Colonel's stupefaction he crossed to the window and grabbed young Kimball by the shoulders.

"My boy! My boy! A fellow after my own heart! I could love you like a son. I need your kind down in the city. Come down with me—"

"No," said Bob stubbornly, "I'm going to build a new plow works."

"SO THIS is the deed to the famous meadow?" the Governor smiled smugly a half-hour later when the Colonel had sent to the bank for the document. "Well, nothing tickles me more than to find myself hoaxed. Takes a smart man to do it, Pepper, if I do say so myself. I won't ask you to take any stock in the plow works. I'll pay your price—two thousand dollars—and buy over the stock myself. A one hundred dollar share is no holding for a man like me. Got to have a sizable interest, to keep close to this young coot and see where he breaks out next."

"But suppose I want the stock? With you on the board—"

"Then buy some separately. Here's my check for your meadow. Let me have a receipt."

The Colonel's protest was futile. "But I ain't got my glasses with me," he cried truthfully a moment later when he had searched his pockets before filling out the receipt.

"You can sign your name without them, can't you?" asked Allie Peck. "Then I'll write the receipt. You can merely add your signature."

The girl knew the value of a psychological moment. She wrote the receipt, then handed the Colonel the pen. Suddenly the Colonel gaped. Glasses or no, he gaped. He gaped at the paper—that receipt—before him.

"My sufferin' stars an' garters! I'm an infant, . . . a bally drulin' infant! Twice in one week . . . buncoed, bamboozled, flimflammed! . . ."

"What on earth is the matter, Pepper?"

It is debatable whether the Colonel's glasses made such a difference as he would have had them believe. For with glassy eyes riveted on that receipt, he thrust his mighty hand into a mighty stomach-pocket and brought forth the anonymous letter which had started all the brilliant business in the beginning. Gnarled paw trembling, he laid the opened letter down beside Allie Peck's hand-written receipt.

The fine Spencerian penmanship on both were identical. Allie Peck had sent him that letter to give the man she loved another whack from his country lethargy. It took the Colonel twenty minutes to sign his name properly!

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The Golden Speakings



MY DEARLY Beloved: Happy is the man who hath no mate but Charity,
2 Cometh such a man to the end of his days and behold he saith, I have toiled and been rewarded, I have gardened and had increase!
3 Happy is the man who hath made his bed with Charity,
4 Vines hath he planted whose growth is prodigious: cometh such a man to the end of his days and behold he saith, The Master hath shown me the nature of my recompense.
5 My beloved, hear my voice: thus do I instruct you.
6 Faults have ye found with one another. I say, share them not, neither give yourselves surcease from long-suffering,
7 For I am he who hath said, Except ye love with a love that is great, ye cannot inherit the Gift Beyond Price.
8 I bid ye to take a sign: Let us be more circumspect in unity lest that which appeareth hath an aspect of a dragon breathing fire from his nostrils and coals from his throat.
9 Ye have heard it said that I come unto you; oft have I said it;
10 Doubt it not, beloved, for in that ye doubt it, ye do bid me stay away.
11 I keep with you the promise made in the beginning: that which is seemly cometh to pass.
12 Lest ye doubt it, mark well of circumstance, give ear to the voice that addresseth in beauty.
13 Whence come such parables? . . . think ye that Mammon offereth an increase? what would ye of me that I tell you not truly?
14 Am I not overjoyed that there are those who hold memory of my sojourn?
15 Truly am I joyed that time hath wrought no changes in their hearts, that all is mine heritage from those moments when we communed as earthly benefactors of the race.
16 Bear ye my greeting to the race again, beloved.
17 All is of instruction, I keep nothing from you, trusting you as my beloved who have proved your devotion.
18 Harken unto mine appeal in present earthly substance: Ye are not as those who go about and say, We have knowledge of Him in that we remember Him concretely,
19 Verily are they hucksters of misrepresentations: knowledge of me is kept secret by my choice.
20 Not that I would hold myself aloof from these but that I may say unto my

beloved, Cherish our friendship as a bridegroom doth cherish his beloved, not for the common gaze, not for the eyes that see with lust or envy.

21 Sweet, sweet is the memory of our hours together when we did consult with one another that the world shouldst be ennobled and receive a goodly gift.

22 I teach you again, beloved, even as I did teach you in those days long ago, making you wise as serpents are wise, making you harmless as doves that wing softly.

23 All is of instruction, I say again, to those who walk uprightly in their hearts.

24 Verily have we ministered to those who were afflicted in spiritual faith, in the essence wherewith their spirits needed balsam; speak I anew presently to all with my lips, telling of truths that come in worldly circumstance as a fountain of pure water, cool in the noon heat.

25 I tell you of truths that make for your heads a resting-place upon the bosom of the infinite; I tell you of truths to come as a blessing to your hearts, redeeming your sacrifice in flesh.

26 Harken, harken, my beloved!

27 Short, short, is the time; great, great is the labor; soon do we meet in a common understanding; soon do we send forth doves, that the world may be carried Peace in the whiteness of their wings.

28 I bid that ye be of good cheer: earthly circumstance doth perplex you sorely, minions of mighty ones now work against you, even as they work against my loving mercy.

29 Bear no malice. Think them no evil. Do unto them that which ye would do the whitest sons of Light visiting you as guests in an honored household.

30 Let the words of your hearts and the meditations of your thoughts bring peace unto their tortured spirits likewise, for such is our mission.

31 What have we to do with those who need us not?

32 Verily the shepherd goeth before the sheep, that the wolves may know his voice, that he protecteth those he leadeth; but even the wolves have need of shepherd, in that they are wolves.
33 I say, Be of good cheer, think no evil of circumstance, proceed with a calmness, gather up that which is profitable unto your spirits and share with those whose spirits stumble nakedly.

33 The times make opportunity for that service, not as mendicants seeking alms but as proud lords accepting their tribute in that they are lords and supply a protection.



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